

# THE COLLEGIAN



*St. Joseph's College*

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



Christmas, 1930



# Contents

---

Christmas .....	117
Chagrined—But Lucky .....	118
Prayer at the Crib .....	127
A Socratic Dialogue .....	128
Noel .....	134
Life at the Crossways .....	136
Why Did You Bet? .....	142
Editorials .....	147
Exchanges .....	148
Buon Natale .....	151
Christmas Spirit .....	151
Library Notes .....	152
The Night of Yule .....	157
Societies .....	158
Alumni Notes .....	163
Locals .....	165
Athletics .....	169
Humor .....	176



# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

---

Collegeville, Indiana.

---

Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind., October 20,  
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

---

VOL. XIX

DECEMBER 12, 1930

NO. 3

---

## Christmas

---

In fleecy softness, the snow lay that night;  
Earth's vale knew more cheer than ever before;  
The moon's silv'ry light with glint of stars bright  
Seemed to mingle in luster on a marble white floor.  
Judea's plain echoed with the heavenly strain,  
"Glory to God; to Him glory on high;"  
And angels were fain to sing in refrain  
Of peace that to man had come from the sky.

While heaven with earth was chanting His praise,  
Christ Jesus was born as Saviour to all;  
He brought man new light by His glorious rays;  
He brought man new hope, be he great, be he small.  
'Twas Bethlehem's Babe broke sin's bonds entwain  
And gave man the graces salvation to gain.

Joseph N. Wittkofski '32



### CHAGRINED—BUT LUCKY

---

"The morning mail has arrived, Madame," announced Zélie, the French maid.

Mrs. Anthony Bryant stifled a lazy yawn only to order very peremptorily:

"Bring it in, and hurry with it as I am expecting several letters of importance."

The maid hastened to comply with the rather peevish command. Letters there were, and as Mrs. Bryant fell to reading them, Zélie went to the modish colonial windows and drew back the draperies. The feeble rays of a cold December sun peered coyly through the windows and mellowed the sheen of the gold velour tapestry that covered couches and chairs. Altogether the apartment was a luxurious one to which a flare of light might easily add a touch of enchantment. Mrs. Bryant seemed to enjoy her letters and her surroundings immensely for she answered no questions put to her by the maid. Quite unexpectedly though, a frown gathered on her forehead, and such a frown it was as indicated a rise of several degrees in temperature. When Zélie, the maid, read the portent on the features of her mistress, she hurried to leave the room. But Mrs. Bryant called to her:

"You may tell Mr. Bryant to wait for me at breakfast until I am ready to come."

After the better part of half an hour had slipped away, Mrs. Bryant came to the table. She found her husband in a savage mood. He had evidently grown tired of waiting and plainly wanted to register a protest against inattention and slight. In order to forestall unpleasant words, she tried to put on as sweet a smile as the frown still remaining on

her forehead would allow and ventured to say with almost girlish shyness:

"Good morning, dear, I hope that you are feeling better than ever."

Mr. Bryant, addressing his wife by her Christian name, sought to keep a cool head, though he felt heat enough under his collar to make it burn, and said very directly in reply to her greeting:

"Well, Agnes, what is it that you want now? If it is anything about charity balls, remember that I am through with all that kind of stuff even if it is the Christmas season. There is more charity required to live in peace with you than a dozen charity balls could furnish. Even right now I shall be late at the office. I was to be there at half past eight o'clock, and just because of your idleness I shall do well to be there at half past nine."

"Oh please, don't be a grouch," Mrs. Bryant replied. "If you will but read this, you may find some reason to be irritable."

Immediately she handed him a yellow envelope on which her address was to be seen written in a coarse, uncouth hand. Her husband withdrew the letter and read:

Hot Springs, Col.

Dec. 15, 1930

My dear Aggie,

I reckon youns is sayin by now it wor about time yor ole onkel writ tu yu. I wor thinkin tother day I haint sene yu come nigh on 20 years. Rally not sence yu and Tony tuk it in youns heads tu runn orf and git marred. I hearn all about youns pretty house and youns swell kids. Yu alays used tu be my pet and I'm jus hankern to see yu all. Yu



kin expect me on Dec. 19. Meet me at the Sentral Deppo at 4:30 after dinner.

P. S. Marrey Chrissums.

Youns Onkel George.

A grin of uncontrollable proportions passed over the broad features of Mr. Bryant as he read this letter.

"Ha, ha," he exclaimed, "here is where we begin to dig up the family skeletons!"

"Well, it is a lucky streak in your favor that he is not your uncle," his wife retorted angrily. "Imagine it——"

"Yes, imagine it," Mr. Bryant pursued, "imagine him sitting in the parlor of this house, fully bewhiskered like a Russian Bolshevik, chewing tobacco besides and spitting right on that gold velour rug. Fine decorations he will make on that rug, the pride of your heart, but perhaps cubist decorations made by tobacco juice on a fancy gold background are according to your taste. You have always shown bizarre likes and dislikes in matters of decoration, and now beyond doubt the kind of decorator you have been looking for in years will arrive in the person of your uncle to give this house a suitable modernistic finish. Imagine it, dear, imagine it!"

"Cut out your broadcasting, old boy, you are really making me feel bad," Mrs. Bryant objected. "You are forgetting the one great fact, namely, that Uncle George has a hippocket big enough to carry a check for two millions and more. But in spite of his money, I have something to think about that worries me sorely. Just imagine this, if you have any imagination at your disposal. Ilene, our only daughter, is to make her debut on the eve of Christmas. Oh, gracious, heavens be gracious! What shall we do? We have invited a large number of swell



visitors for the occasion, and there will be Uncle George blear-eyed, rawboned, bow-legged, even, perhaps, pot-bellied, with his terrible manners to spoil the whole affair. I have slaved all my life to achieve social standing, and now, I suppose, Uncle George will blow everything off the social map for me. If it were not for his money, I would telegraph him not to show up. But he has money—there is the rub. I want his money, and you do too, Mr. Bryant; hence blot out that silly smirk on your face by which you are showing how much you enjoy my predicament. I am so badly flustered that I cannot think of what is to be done in this situation; all I can do is cry about it.”

As Mrs. Bryant began to weep, Mr. Bryant hurried away to the office. He said nothing upon leaving the house as he would not disturb any woman, not even his own wife, in the enjoyment of that one sweet pleasure that women know—a good spell of crying.

The nineteenth of December came. Mrs. Bryant attired in a costly Russian sable coat drove to the Central Depot in her beautiful limousine to meet Uncle George. There he was at the station looking for his niece and was all happiness at meeting her. In his eyes she was just the same to him even after the space of twenty years.

“Marry Chrissums, Aggie, how are you?” greeted Uncle George.

Mrs. Bryant stood aghast. Uncle George was very nearly all that she had anticipated. But one embarrassment she had not taken into account, and that was the cold, clammy chill that came over her when Uncle George brushed his whiskers aside and stooped to kiss her. People stopped to stare at the

capers of a woolly westerner with a society woman. As quickly as she could, Mrs. Bryant hurried her Uncle into the limousine in order to cut short all further display of affection on his part.

"Wa-al, this here is some autymibble, youns have, niece," said Uncle George as he seated himself in the car. But Mrs. Bryant paid no attention to his remarks. She was burning with vexation. What would Ilene think? what would Mr. Bryant think? what would the neighbors say about the company she was bringing to her home? These were the thoughts that occupied her mind. But how surprised was she, when on arriving at her home, Ilene rushed out to the car and most cheerfully welcomed Uncle George. She brought him into the house and would have shown him to his room, had Mrs. Bryant not stopped her by ordering Zelie, the maid, to look after this matter. Uncle George, however, was in no hurry to be shown to his room. He shuffled about staring at the furnishings of the house and bluntly remarked:

"Why, I betcha, I reckon the president of this here country haint got a swell house like this. Remember the little shack yu used to live in, Aggie, when yu were a little girl? Wa-al, I suppose yu husband, Tony, is workin, eh?"

This crude vapping completely dumfounded Mrs. Bryant. Never before, in the presence of servants, had she been addressed by the name "Aggie". Even her husband would not dare call her anything less than Agnes, and that only in private conversation. It relieved a rather tense situation that Mr. Bryant at this moment came home for dinner. As he entered the house, he jovially called out:

"Well, where is the big calamity?" To this spurt his wife answered in querulous but subdued tone:



"Gone upstairs to his room, but, oh, goodness, goodness, what shall we do about him?" And raising her eyes and hands toward the ceiling of the room, she walked about like a person utterly distracted by trouble.

Mr. Bryant now decided to come to the rescue of his wife and accordingly explained to Ilene that she must engage some one from among the neighbors to take Uncle George out for a trip on the eve of Christmas, for, as he said, if that were not done her mother would fall a victim to hysteria, and all the business about the "debut" would have to be called off. He further observed that an old-fashioned Christmas festival, such as Uncle George would appreciate, could no longer hold place in a modern home.

"Leave it to me, leave it to me!" Ilene readily exclaimed, "But Daddy," she continued, "if I bridge over this difficulty, will you give me that new car you have been talking about?"

"That new car shall be yours, if you succeed in smoothing out our immediate embarrassment. Though at that you are not asking a little, and in consequence I shall ask more of you. I want you to give company to Uncle George as much as your time will permit during the coming several days, and I want you to humor him as much as you can by showing him through the house and about the place in a cheerful manner. But come with me now, I shall have to introduce myself to Uncle George, and together we want to invite him to come to dinner."

The meeting between Mr. Bryant and Uncle George was cordial, but, as is customary among men, without any demonstration. Uncle George even straightened out to his full height and walked in a very agile manner, something that very much sur-

prised Ilene. Only when he entered the dining room and came into the presence of Mrs. Bryant did he walk bow-legged again. His uncouth manner of speech was, of course, a matter of amusement during the dinner period. Even Mrs. Bryant graced him with a smile or two.

After dinner, Uncle George desired to retire early, for, as he said, the trip had made him very tired. When the family was alone, Ilene remarked to her mother:

"It is strange that when Uncle George walks straight he is taller than Daddy." But Mrs. Bryant made no reply to this statement coming from her daughter. She was still too badly worried to think calmly of anything.

On the last few days before Christmas, Ilene, mindful of the promise that a new car was to be hers, made herself thoroughly agreeable to Uncle George. She showed no displeasure at his shuffling walk or his bad manners, and, though he was given to criticising everything in the house and about the place she merely answered his criticisms with smiles and pleasantries. In fact they came to be so friendly that on the morning of the day before Christmas, Uncle George said to her:

"Gorsh, yu are some cute gal. I wor thinkin it would be nice to have yu as my pet niece."

Neither to these words nor to his occasional awkward fawning did Ilene make any objections. She felt happy in trying to make Uncle George understand that he was a welcomed visitor. As for the evening of the day, when she was to make her debut, well, everything was suitably arranged. A friendly neighbor had offered to take the old Uncle out for a ride; then to a yuletide-stag party; then



to midnight services. Thus he would be out of the way and her mother would not meet with further vexation. She coaxed the old fellow into taking a long nap on that afternoon, a matter to which he fully agreed. In consequence she found herself free to prepare for the event of the evening.

Everything was now set for an evening of fancy entertainment. Zelie, the maid, together with other help, had done a lot of festooning throughout the house and had prepared a splendid and inviting dinner. Mrs. Bryant was in an exalted mood. Everything was turning out to her satisfaction, thanks to the shrewdness of Ilene. At the appointed hour, guests of the smartly social set arrived. They were received into the parlor by Ilene, now arrayed in a dress of fashion-plate neatness and tasteful design. All were making merry, and Ilene was carrying out her debut splendidly when a ringing of the telephone attracted Mrs. Bryant's attention. Oh, yes, it was the neighbor who wanted to take Uncle George out for a ride.

Mrs. Bryant hurried to Uncle George's room to ask him to get ready. But he was not there. On the table in his room she noticed a tousled wig and a set of false whiskers, but she had no time to examine such things now. She quickly made her way to the parlor to tell Ilene that Uncle George was gone, when to her complete astonishment there—there among the guests sat a gentleman whom she hardly recognized—it was Uncle George clean-shaven, well-dressed, well-spoken, straight in bearing; in fact he was the most sociable of all the guests present and proved to be a delightful joker. Ilene was aware of the trick and enjoyed her mother's astonishment heartily. The neighbor also knew that he was merely to telephone,

but was not to come with his machine as all plans at first made with him had already been reversed.

At the dinner table Uncle George made a most witty toast and, slipping an envelope from his inner coat pocket, he drew forth a check made out in favor of Miss Ilene Bryant to the amount of one million dollars, together with a certified voucher that she would be his "heir in full" at the close of his life. That applause and thanks followed upon the kindness of Uncle George, need hardly be mentioned.

Dinner having ended, the good-hearted old Uncle prepared to leave. He took farewell of Ilene and the guests and then spoke for some minutes to Mr. and Mrs. Bryant in a neighboring room. It was in the course of this conversation that he said to Mrs. Bryant:

"My purpose in visiting you after these twenty years was to play Santa Claus for you personally, my one-time pet niece, but I have played that part in favor of Ilene, for I very soon began to notice that a mere tousled wig and a set of whiskers make a great difference in your mind as to the degree of affection you entertain towards your relatives. Remember that society life is all right, but don't let it turn your head. Farewell to you both and a Most Merry Christmas to you."

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant looked at each other in amazement. Gradually recovering from the shock, Mrs. Bryant said quite complacently:

"Really we had the bird with the golden feathers in the cage, but we did not know how to care for him. He was a source of chagrin to us, but we are still lucky as the money will stay in the family. But,

hush up about what I am now telling you. Uncle George dotes much on the affection that Ilene displayed towards him. He thinks it is all natural, but he does not know under what conditions you promised to give her a new car.

Leonard J. Rancilio '31.

---

### PRAYER AT THE CRIB

---

O'er the hills bleak winds are blowing,  
Cold and black the night is growing,

Sleep Holy Babe.

Tho' a manger be Thy bed,  
Tho' Thy home a lonely shed,

Sleep Holy Babe.

For Thy love left unrequited,  
And Thy kindness coldly slighted,

Weep Holy Babe.

Cold the winds upon Thee blow,  
Wild the storm brings in the snow,

Weep Holy Babe.

God above and Angels singing,  
Joyous peals the bells are ringing,

Smile Holy Babe.

Thou hast come all men to save  
From their vices and the grave,

Smile Holy Babe.

John T. Spalding, '31.



## A SOCRATIC DIALOGUE

---

(Characters: Pindar; Sappho)

Pindar: Sappho, this island of Lesbos is certainly an ideal home for a poet. Its natural beauty though is only half of its charm; you are the other half. I fear that lest you dedicate an occasional verse to Venus in propitiation, your beauty will incur her wrath.

Sappho: I thank you for your pretty words Pindar, but you seem to forget that we were discussing literature, not making love. You were telling me about that unique, old, Egyptian book. Please tell me more about it.

Pindar: Oh, that was nothing but a stupendous collection of religious formulas and magical texts.

Sappho: But it must have been charmingly illustrated; think of all those little pictures of birds and men and animals, each with a definite meaning. I should think it would be great fun to read hieroglyphics.

Pindar: But you forget that Egyptian literature was not artistic. Its creators cared little about beauty of form or perfection of style. Egyptian poetry had no rime or rhythm; all of it taken together is not worth one of your lyrics.

Sappho: There you are getting sentimental again. Egyptians sang of love though, and that is what I sing about. I think that their literature would be very interesting, and I am going to learn to read it.

Pindar: If you are so intent on reading hieroglyphics, why not decipher the code of Hammurapi? You might unearth some laws that would be advantageous for Greece to adopt. Your love songs find



many singers; your reform might have many followers.

Sappho: Pindar! If you are going to talk like that I never want to see you again. Greece is good enough for me, just as it is. Anyway you ought to be ashamed of yourself for making fun of Babylonian Literature. Think how hard those Assyrian writers worked, making clay tablets and using cuneiform script. Why, the library of Assurbanipal alone contained twenty two thousand clay tablets.

Pindar: You are a little hard on me Sappho. I was not belittling Babylonian literature. I love the old poetry of Assyria; its prayers and tales of mythology; its story of the flood as told by Hasísadra, the Babylonian Noah; its story of Ishtar's descent into Hades as recounted in the Gilgamesh Epic. Then too, though Babylonian poetry has no meter, parallelism greatly enhances its beauty.

Sappho: Speaking of poetry, I think that of all nations, the Chinese are most fond of poetry. Chinese poets are legion. True, China has no epic, but it abounds in short lyrics. Graceful nature studies, personal confessions, and brief moralizings are the common themes.

Pindar: But Sappho dearest, don't think that poetry is all that China has produced. Remember Confucius; the five classics, and the four analects. Just like a woman, though, to overlook the philosopher. It is strange, however, that China's neighbor, Japan, has produced so little. The "No" plays are Japan's only contribution of worth to literature.

Sappho: I think that India has made up for Japan's scarcity. I am told that the bulk of Indian literature is stupendous. And do you know that in

early times all of it was transmitted by memory? That was in the Vedic period.

Pindar: And are you aware of the fact, my dear Sappho, that there are four Vedas; and that the chief among them, the Rig Veda, consists of one thousand hymns in fifteen different meters, and that it has a rhythmical form, the rhythm being confined to the last four syllables of each line? And do you know that the hymns were written for the priests and addressed to the Gods of fire, lightning, storm, and tempest?

Sappho: Are you trying to be humorous, or just trying to impress me? Remember, if I ever love you it isn't going to be because of your knowledge. I want you to understand that I know something of Indian literature. I know that it had a Sanskrit period and that belonging to this period there are two epics. One, an epic of growth, the Mahabharata, is over eight times the length of the Iliad and Odyssey combined. The other is an epic of art, the Ramayana. Did you know that?

Pindar: Oh come now Sappho! I'm sorry! Let's forget about Indian literature.

Sappho: I'll not forget about Indian literature. India is the cradle of our noble race, and I think that we should know all about it.

Pindar: Yes, I agree. Let me tell you of a prophecy Apollo made to me at Delphi when I chanted my last song in his honor. He told me that from the people of the Aryan race was to spring a great writer who would unfold the workings of the Hindu mind to the Western World. His name will be Rabindranath Tagore.

Sappho, very coldly: Isn't that wonderful!

Pindar: Oh, I say, Sappho! I didn't mean to



offend you before. Forget it! I'll even take back that wise crack I made about women not remembering philosophers. I'll bet you can remember a great one among the Persians.

Sappho: I couldn't be angry with Apollo's song bird for long, could I Pindar? Surely, I remember the Persian; you mean Zoroaster. He was a dear. Didn't he write the Zend-Avesta, that old Iranian account of creation that was carved on the side of a rock? And I know more about Persian literature; literature that is to come. Hercules called here at my island a few weeks ago on his way back from Hades and Avernus. He told me that he overheard Zoroaster complaining to the Fates that no singers had been born to Persia. But the spinning Fate replied that even now she was weaving the life of a Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, who, in a Rubaiyat would sing of love, of the pangs of separation and of the joys of reunion; of nature, of trees, and flowers.

Pindar: And of the injustice of the world and of fate. Usually all this goes together. But what about the poet of undying love that will be to the Persians what Sappho is to the Greeks?

Sappho: Never fear, they shall have one, Hafiz, a fine, sincere poet of love.

Pindar: Love! It must be a great thing. All great poets sing of it. I think you and I might be better poets if we knew more of love!

Sappho: Pindar! You are making love to me again. If Scheherazade had as much difficulty in raising the regard of the Sultan for women as I am having in lowering your regard for me, it was no wonder that she was driven to the telling of fantastic

tales. I'm growing almost desperate in my attempts to keep this conversation impersonal.

Pindar: I take it that you are speaking of the Arabian Nights. They are fantastic tales, aren't they? But they are interesting. Sinbad, Ali Baba, and Aladdin will furnish many a moment of diversion.

Sappho: And how do you know of the Arabian Nights? They are yet to be written!

Pindar: My dear, little, innocent Sappho! What do you think Apollo is doing for me while I sit in my iron chair at Delphi and chant my lyrical praises? Don't you suppose Apollo rewards his poet? He knows that of all things, literature is to me most dear so he reveals to me much that is to be written. I'm Apollo's "yes man," so to say.

Sappho: Ah, haughty Pindar! I'll have you to know you're not the only favored one of the gods. Prophecies, too, have been made to me at Cumae.

Pindar: What, have you heard the Sibyl speak?

Sappho: Not only the Sibyl, but Apollo as well. At Cumae I prayed for the future of Greek letters. First, I pointed out to the Gods the grandeur of Homer; of his Iliad, and its story of the fall of Troy; of his Odyssey and its story of the wandering Odysseus.

Pindar: And did you show the promise of present day letters? The beauty of your work, and of mine, or that of Simonides and of the six other lyrists? Did you recall Hesiod, and his works so full of inspiration for other writers?

Sappho: Ay, I recounted all to the Sibyl. Then I asked to know the future of Grecian literature.

Pindar: And the answer?

Sappho: The voice of the Sibyl came to me and told me to repair to the Sacred Grove where Apollo himself would answer. And to the grove of a hundred



statues the priest guided me, and bid me kneel at a certain one. I knelt. Then the grove was filled with a low murmur of many voices. Louder grew the murmur, then from out of the mouths of the hundred statues issued the words of Apollo, and the grove resounded with the enthralling voice of the god.

Pindar: But what did he say?

Sappho: Why! Don't you know? Beloved of Apollo! He told me that a new form of literature, the drama, should evolve from the celebrations in honor of Bacchus; and that three Greeks should be masters of the drama. One Aeschylus, will retell the story of Orestes and of his father's return from Troy; another, Sophocles will tell of Oedipus, the King; the third, Euripides too, though lacking in art, shall be full of human sympathy and feeling.

Pindar: Shall there be still other Greek writers?

Sappho: There will be a writer of comedy, Aristophanes, who will ridicule prevailing customs. Then there will be three historians, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. An orator, Demosthenes, will be famous for his tirades against Macedon.

Pindar: What about philosophers?

Sappho: You men must have your deep thinkers! Philosophy is beside the realms of literature, but to prove that women do not shun deep thought, I'll name the future philosophers. Socrates, sound and virtuous; Plato, the wise and keen; Aristotle, "master of those who know."

After that the literature of the Greeks shall dribble out in the works of Polybius, Plutarch, and Lucian; and in the idyls of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus.

Pindar: And these things were told you at Cumae. Oh Sappho, I have been vain. I thought Apollo

spoke only to me. I had better take to heart the maxims of the Hebrew Bible. Have you ever read it?

Sappho: I have, and I think it a most interesting book. All the forms of literature are there represented.

Pindar: Have you read the prophetic utterances of those sixteen stalwart Prophets? It seems that they are expecting an event of the most supreme happiness, and that they are foretelling signs and circumstances of its happening.

Sappho: You speak of what the Sibyl said would be called Christmas. Yes, I have read about the signs after hearing what the Sibyl had to say about the event. But I must now leave you Pindar, as the sun is already dropping behind the evening clouds, and the chill breezes urge me to return to my home. But may all the joys which that event, Christmas, imports attend you through life. If we have indulged any anachronisms in our talk, or if we have been presumptuous in our musings, let the blame rest with Apollo and the Sibyl. Farewell.

Pindar: Farewell, Sappho, and may all that Christmas brings redound to your happiness.

Robert Nieset '32

---

## NOEL

---

O Night of nights! there is not one  
To you may be compared;  
With signs you helped the Holy Pair  
As slowly on They fared.

You saw Them enter in the hall  
Amid Their kith and kin;  
You saw Them turned away by all—  
No house for Them or inn.

You saw, as Joseph strode away,  
A tear gleam in His eye:  
He knew not where to go until  
He spied a stable nigh.

'Twas you, O Night! of nights thrice blest  
Who lent your stars as guides  
Unto that stall where now alone  
The Holy Family bides.

And then your star-decked robe you changed  
To gleaming gems that glowed,  
While Angels flutt'ring down to earth  
To shepherds point the road

That to the stable lowly led  
Some paces o'er the lea,  
And there a babe most sweetly fair  
Within the crib they see.

They felt the glory of your light;  
They saw and heard great things,  
When you, O ever Holy Night,  
Did'st hail the King of Kings!

And thus with each ensuing year,  
O hallowed Christmas Night!  
That we to Christ may keep our way,  
We ask your bright stars' light.  
Cletus G. Bihn '31

---

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

—Scott



## LIFE AT THE CROSSWAYS

---

"Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way——"

Christmas day found Jean Beaumont happy and care-free skimming lightly across a whitened North Dakota trail. Happy and carefree? Aye. He had been blessed by the 'bon Dieu'. He was a modern agricultural man with his fields green beneath the welcome snow; with money in the bank; with no work problems to combat until the following harvest. He is out, therefore, for a day of rejoicing.

Cheerily he sings,

"Merrily we roll along; roll along——"  
until he halts before a little cabin and enters in the same mood. Hardly ten minutes elapse when he again appears; now, however, his song is hushed; his former beaming countenance is drawn with lines of sorrow; his gay spirit of a few moments before has entirely disappeared. Jean's future within those ten minutes, had turned the tables of destiny. A wicked genius had engendered the idea of securing a living by means of convenient folly and knavery.

---

On that afternoon before Christmas, the scene in the little town of Gladstone was typical of usual holiday merriment. Crowded were the sidewalks with busy pedestrians who were seeking at the eleventh hour to purchase some suitable gift to make another happy. Everybody seemed to be keenly set upon the business of Christmas shopping.

Towards evening, when the shadows of twilight were claiming the world for themselves, a stranger could be seen mingling with the great crowds in the busy sections of Gladstone. A stranger? But ev-



everyone was too eagerly engaged to give the stranger a second glance. Had anyone taken a closer scrutiny of the newcomer, instead of giving him a few casual glances that revealed nothing more than the outward appearances of a young man who was rather careless in his dress, he would have noticed that this particular individual had all the appearances of one just freed from governmental servitude. The stranger himself, Jean Beaumont, could have informed the curious that he really had been in a place where stone walls did a prison make, and iron bars a cage. Beaumont's blood-shot eyes and staggering walk told perhaps plainer than words could do that his proceeds from a few pick-pocket tricks had been spent to buy a fool's paradise.

Presently, however, Beaumont regained control of his shaking limbs and prepared to increase his income. He was at the point of relieving a young lady of her purse when his eyes happened to fall upon the countenance of his victim who stared at him as if in recognition.

"Ah, Jean," spoke the lady sadly, "Have you stooped so low?"

Saying these words she vanished from sight within the crowd before Beaumont realized the full significance of the situation.

Nobody noticed the incident, but Beaumont was not then interested in anyone or anything excepting his own thoughts.

"My God," he groaned. "Why is Irene Harte here to torment me? Where shall I turn to be rid of her?"

Then followed an hour of aimless tramping through the cold wet snow. Again and again came those inquiring eyes before his vision. What had

he read in them? Were they merely accusing or pitying? No, he confessed to himself. Why renew the old wound; she has nothing but hatred for me.

For fully another hour Beaumont tramped the streets until his weakened body succumbed. Father Piel, the parish priest of Gladstone, happened to notice him half frozen lying in the scanty shelter of a fir tree, and helped him to the welcome hearth of the rectory office. Beaumont, when first awakened from his stupor, was very violent, but he soon discovered that the good priest offered him nothing but kindness. Father Piel, however, had to use stern persuasion before Jean Beaumont condescended to make a confession of his sad life.

While the contrite penitent was offering his thanksgiving to his Lord, Father Piel again reviewed the story. Jean Beaumont was but one year ago happily engaged to Irene Harte. One year, then, had caused this happy, refined, wealthy gentleman to change to a dejected, slovenly out-cast who supported his miserable existence by the 'art' of pick-pocketing. But why this sudden change from the life of an honorable gentleman to that of a base parasite? All this wretchedness had resulted from a misunderstanding between Beaumont and Miss Harte. A savory scandal had been trumped up against Beaumont by some of his acquaintances. In consequence Irene Harte found it necessary to reject his attentions in order to save herself from embarrassment. She had, indeed, expressed her belief in his innocence, and was even now entertaining hopes to renew friendship with him.

Beaumont, on the other hand, had taken the blow as final; he did not undertake to clear his name. He sought relief from his sorrow in drink. Day by day he continued on the downward path to the utter



ruination of his life. His immense fortune was soon squandered by the help of evil companions who took advantage of his spells of intoxication to further their own ends.

Jean Beaumont, the one-time honorable gentleman, now faced a new problem—the wherewithal to meet the demands of his miserable existence. An experienced lout, a real Fagan, had quickly taught him the ugly science of pick-pocketing. As a result Beaumont became notorious among the ranks of the outcasts of society.

His parasitical career soon terminated with a sentence of nine months “with ball and chain”. During those long days of tiresome existence, he became more and more disheartened. He cursed everyone who came in sight, even those who in good will appealed to him to correct his ways. Only a day before Christmas, Beaumont had received his release and had already established his camp of operations in Gladstone.

But now everything was different. The hard-hearted menace to society had discovered his error and was now finishing his thanksgiving to his God, Who had helped him from the gutter of despair and had raised him to a new plain of life and hope.

“Father,” asked the penitent, “will you promise to deliver a note to Miss Harte for me? I did not know that she was living here. Is she a member of your parish?”

“Yes, Beaumont, Irene Harte is a member of this parish and more too,—. But wait. No doubt you will be relieved to hear that Miss Harte has always retained your name in esteem and has long since hoped for a change in you. She has, in fact,



always believed that you would soon again be the gentleman you were a year ago."

"But Father," asked the interested listener, "you seem to be acquainted with my life's history, even if you have not met me before tonight. How do you know all this? Are you personally acquainted with Miss Harte? Why, is she no longer living at Vailey City, the town of her birth and home?"

"Irene's mother died about three months ago, and now Miss Harte is keeping house for me—"

"What, does Irene live here with you?"

"Yes," replied Father Piel. "This is a very happy coincidence. I am Irene's uncle. I have heard much of you for the past three months. When I learned from Miss Harte that you were here in town, I searched the streets until I found you."

"Where is Irene now, Father?" asked Jean excitedly.

"She is at present searching for you, yes, for you."

"Then I shall quickly put an end to her searching." Saying these words, Jean dashed out of the door.

"Oh, Jean!" Father Piel called to him, "she has just returned. I hear her at work in the kitchen."

But Father Piel seemingly spoke these words to the walls of the room. Jean had already vanished out of doors. In thanksgiving for the unexpected pleasure and satisfaction that had come to him because of the return of one who was thought to be totally lost for God and the world, the priest spoke many an 'Ave' in honor of the holy Queen of Heaven, and felt particularly gratified that this unlooked-for joy should have come to him and to his niece, Irene, just at Christmas time.

When at length Jean returned from his futile trip out into the cold and snow, he encountered Irene in the rectory, and without speaking any greeting, he bluntly blurted out:

"This—this caused me to turn from being a gentleman to a rogue; from being an honest man to a rascal—this letter. Do you recognize it?"

The cancelled stamp showed that the letter had been sent little more than a year ago. It was the letter that turned Jean within ten minutes from the way of honest living to the evil practices of the castaways.

"Let me have the letter," demanded Irene. After giving the lines a hurried glance, the truth dawned upon her.

"Oh, Jean Beaumont," she exclaimed. "Don't you see that this is not my handwriting? The whole affair is either a knave's trick or a friend's practical joke. How could you act so stupidly as you have done for all the past year? Your chief fault is rashness in all that you do, and not an overdosé of common sense. But let the matter end here. I am more than pleased to see you."

On the following day Jean Beaumont, now a man changed for the better, viewed happily the streets of the town of Gladstone wondering how he might make it known that he was no longer the down-and-out whom people had so recently feared. Though he was perplexed, yet he was not sad. He enjoyed the throngs going to attend Christmas services and, within his own heart, enjoyed the thought that he had regained the esteem and affection of the one person who meant most to him in all the world.

Urban Hoorman '31



### WHY DID YOU BET?

---

December 13th was the day specified for the playing of the annual Rose-Bowl football game. At last the grand day had arrived—the day on which Notre Dame, undefeated football wizards of the East, were to clash with the champions from the West—Southern-California. Nature, on this fine wintry day was at her best. There was a cold, crisp, bite in the air. Old Sol had risen in all his glory. The leaves were a crispy brown and rustled to the play of the wind. In fact, nature was doing her utmost to outdo the efforts of the men on the gridiron, in order that she, and not the players should gain the plaudits of the assembled populace.

That attention should be given to anything else but the game was, however, an impossibility, for the game was a thriller. From start to finish, from whistle to whistle, the gridiron generals fought like mad-men. Why did they fight? They fought because the national championship, the ardent desire of all good football players, was at stake. They fought because the honor of their school depended upon it. They fought, above all, because for many of them it was their final football test. Graduation would separate them from the game they had learned to love. For three quarters, the score stood at a standstill, neither team being able to score. The game bade fair to end in a tie. In the last minute of play, however, the Southern-California quarterback shot a long forward pass, and a Southern-California halfback leaped into the air to catch it. The ball touched his finger tips, but he could not hold it; it went over his head, and was then received by a Southern-California end behind the goal posts. In



reality the play was illegal since the rule states that a pass is incomplete if touched by two members of the same team. The referee, however, did not diagnose the play correctly and called it a touchdown. Final score: Southern-California, 6; Notre Dame, 0. Pandemonium ensued—Southern-California wild with delight; Notre Dame broken-hearted.

This game took place just two weeks before Christmas. Everyone should have been happy with Christmas so near. Christmas is a time of universal happiness. The fact that Notre Dame lost the game should not spoil anyone's Christmas. Surely a football game is not of such vast importance. Nevertheless, this was true; that particular football game had ruined the joy of Christmas for at least two persons.

Jack Cannon, one of the greatest guards, that ever graduated from Notre Dame, had gone that day to see the heroes of his Alma Mater "fight for fame." Jack had a certain established weakness—to bet on football games. He had left the house that day with the words of his dear little wife, Katherine, ringing in his ears:

"Jack, please don't bet today. Remember, Christmas is just two weeks off."

"Don't worry, dear," Jack said, "I won't bet today, for we have just enough money now to spend a very happy Christmas, and even though I am sure that Notre Dame will win, I'll not bet."

"That's fine, Jack," said Katherine, and bade him hurry as it was almost time for the game.

Jack arrived at the game in plenty of time. He had determined not to bet. Yes, he had promised Katherine that he would not bet, and his promises to Katherine were always kept. At half, however,

Jack discovered that several fellows sitting near him desired to bet on Southern-California. He could bear it no longer. His Alma Mater would win, and he and Katherine could have a bigger, better, and happier Xmas. He bet every dollar he had, and lost. Now, he was returning home, dejected and disconsolate. He had broken his promise to Katherine. How could he face her now? Would she scold and rebuke him? No, he knew that she would not do anything of the kind. He, however, wished that she would, for he richly deserved it.

Jack plodded along the street not realizing where he was going until finally, he was standing at the front of his own door. He braced himself, and went in. Katherine was preparing supper, but she heard him, and ran in to meet him.

"Oh, Jack! Did Notre Dame win?" she cried.

"No, Notre Dame did not win," he said, and turned away.

She realized at once what had happened and came up to him with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Jack, you have bet again," she said.

"Yes, Katherine, I have lost every dollar I owned. I am no better than a brute. I have broken my promise to you. I am not worthy to be your husband. There will be no Christmas for us."

Katherine sobbed profusely while saying:

"Do not talk so, Jack. We shall have a fine Christmas. We still love each other, don't we? We can go to Mass and receive Communion and that's a Christmas in itself. Your salary for the next two weeks will be sufficient for a fine dinner which I shall cook myself, and we shall be immensely happy."

The next two weeks were dismal weeks for Jack.



He felt ashamed to go home in the evening, and greet his wife of whom he deemed himself unworthy. She did not think so, however, and always consoled him. She said that this would be the happiest Christmas they had ever spent together.

Christmas Eve arrived at last. Katherine was up bright and early preparing for the great day to follow. The newsboy, passing by, threw in the paper. She glanced at the headlines. Then, open-eyed, looked again. Immediately she ran to Jack's room.

"Jack, wake up!" she cried. "Look at this!"

Jack opened his eyes and read: "Touchdown illegal. The officials of the Notre Dame-Southern California game, having called a secret meeting, decided that the touchdown was illegal, since the ball was touched by a Southern-California halfback before being received by the Southern-California end. The final score, therefore, is: Southern-California, 0; Notre Dame, 0."

"Jack, don't you see?" she cried. "Your bets will all be returned today and what a Christmas we shall have."

Jack kissed her gently, and said: "Yes, dear, we shall have a merry Christmas, and my lesson has been learned. Never again will I break my promise to you. I realize now what it means."

Joseph A. Sheeran '31

---

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—Longfellow



# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

---

Published Monthly by the Students of  
**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE**  
Collegeville, Indiana.

---

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year	-----	\$1.50
Single Copies	-----	\$ .20

---

Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S.	-----	Faculty Director
-------------------------------	-------	------------------

---

## THE STAFF

Cletus Kern '31	-----	Editor
Joseph Sheeran '31	-----	Assistant Editor
Edmund Binsfeld '31	-----	Exchange Editor
Bela Szemetko '31	-----	Locals
Leonard Cross '31	-----	Assistant Locals
Raphael Gross '32	-----	Library Notes
Joseph Herod '31	-----	Sports
Thomas Clayton '31	-----	Assistant Sports
Chester Kruczek '31	-----	Societies
Thomas Rieman '31	-----	Alumni Notes
James Elliott '31	-----	Humor Editor
Warren Abrahamson '31	}	-----Associate Editors
Ralph Bihn '31		
Ralph Boker '31		
Lawrence Growney '31		
Urban Hoorman '31		
Bertrand Shenk '31		
John Spalding '31		
Joseph Szaniszlo '31		
Rouleau Joubert '31	-----	Business Manager
George La Noue '32	-----	Assistant Business Manager



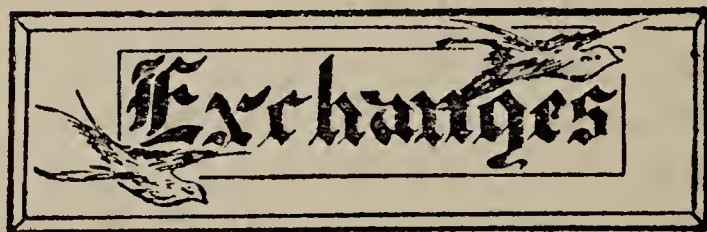
Unperceived, and with silent and measured tread, Old Father Time comes gliding over the snow covered earth, and the Christian world awakens to the realization that the holy season of Advent has once more come upon it. Another Thanksgiving Day has slipped into the past and the year nineteen hundred and thirty is speedily drawing to a close. But before Father Time writes his "finis" to the year's work, there is one more festive day that dare not go by unheeded. Christmas, the greatest feast day of the year is at hand. The whole world rejoices on the birthday of Him who came down from his heavenly home bringing those tidings of great joy which were spoken to the shepherds on that early Christmas morning nearly two thousand years ago. The "Gloria In Excelsis Deo," sung by the angels, has been handed down through the centuries, and this thought still dominates the celebration of the Christmas-tide. The glory which is paid to kings, emperors, and all earthly rulers, is often marked with a certain degree of servility and an allegiance which are inspired by material advantages. This condition of heart is one of the weaknesses of human nature where everyone, striving for his own selfish interests, fails to see or overlooks the rights of his fellow man. In marked contrast, however, is that honor and glory which is offered to Christ, the King of Kings. The adoration given Him is that of undying gratitude and thankfulness, not merely for temporal favors re-

ceived, but particularly for the blessings of a spiritual nature. The christian realizes that the best disposition for a truly happy Christmas is one of contriteness and simplicity of heart modeled after that of the Christ Child. It is with this spirit of humility and meekness that the faithful draw near and prostrate themselves at the crib during the Christmas season. Kings as well as servants bow in deep adoration at the Infant's feet and everyone seeks that Peace which He promised "to all men of good will." Join then in this true holiday spirit, and celebrate the day with the feeling and expression of good cheer toward everyone.

---

To the local Professors and to the Brothers and Sisters, the Collegian, in the name of the students of St. Joseph's in general, dedicates this, the Christmas issue of the annual journal. To all with whom this harbinger of good cheer will come in contact, it extends heartiest greetings and good wishes for a most enjoyable Yuletide season.

---



When we read on the title page of the Marymount College SUNFLOWER hailing from Salina, Kansas, the legend that the aim of this journal "is to cultivate a literary spirit among the students by exercising them both in critical and creative composition," we expected to discover something noteworthy. This expectation was strengthened by



the fact that we know the SUNFLOWER to be a quarterly.

It seems to be a standard precept that expectations are always greater than realizations, but for all that we were not altogether disappointed in the first issue of the SUNFLOWER. There is a good bit of campus gossip which comes to be somewhat tedious to an outside reader, but there is this saving feature about this campus news that it is all given in a correct form of diction, such as will always make it readable even to those who are not fans.

The articles: "Freshman Impressions," "First Hockey Scrimmage," "My First Horseback Ride," "Casual Observations," "Academy Gleanings," display a tone that is a trifle light in quality, yet as exercises in writing they cannot fall short of producing a certain agility in thought and expression, a matter which the SUNFLOWER has evidently set as its chief aim and purpose. But it would be something very agreeable to the more sober-minded and heavy-thinking variety of readers if this quarterly would give what the ability of its writers plainly indicates that it could do, namely, some one or other article that calls for sharper thinking and more careful expression than do the ones that hold place on its pages. Outside of the point mentioned, we mean to give credit to the SUNFLOWER for a great deal of excellent work such as shows itself in the well-written book reviews and in the poem, "The Wind." We hope to see a bigger and better SUNFLOWER in the future.

An example of our idea of an excellent literary quarterly is the AURORA from St. Mary-of-the-Wood's College, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana.

Campus notes are given no room at all, however, the carefully-chosen variety of articles overrules all considerations. The type of essays in which we are interested is well-represented by the thorough dissertation on Sara Teasdale. We wish to remark, however, that we disagree with the author on one point. We do not think the artistry of Miss Teasdale's "I Shall Not Care" is spoiled by the lack of a cheery hope; the melancholy touch is so beautifully, so uniquely expressed that it deepens the tone of the poem instead of lessening it. We think, according to our limited knowledge, that Sara Teasdale has attained her aim in regard to the function of poetry. We are too young and too incapable of saying that her poetry will live for future generations, but we do say that while it does live now, it is worth while reading.

The author of "Poorest People" is to be commended. It was a story that "took," because the unwinding of the thread of the tale was different from the usual run of such romances. "Lost Cargoes" and "Bedtime Fancies" are amusing bits of verse. The latter is especially to be noted because of the dreamy sensation it gives anyone who reads it carefully.

Acknowledgement is due to the following: V. A. LIFE; CHRONICLE; THE GOTHIC; MARY-MOUNT COLLEGE SUNFLOWER; ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER; ARISTON; COLLEGIAN; BROWN AND WHITE; CEE-AY; ACADEMY NEWS; PATRICIAN; VISTA; MARIAN; and AURORA.

---

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.

—Dickens

## BUON NATALE

---

Jehova built this world to His own mind;  
His creature, man, He crowned the King of earth  
To reap immortal fruits of joy and love.  
But, Oh! Pandora oped the casket vile  
From which both sin and death with ugly train  
Came rampant forth to fill man's life with shame  
Until the mighty God gave his own Son  
The price of shame by crib and cross to earn.

This Son was born in lowly Bethlehem  
Where stood that crib, that first stage in the course,  
Which He pursued from birth to Calvary's mount  
Whereon He raised the sign of victory won  
O'er sin and death; with life's sad forfeiture  
To hide in love the faults that man commits.

Leonard J. Rancilio '31

---

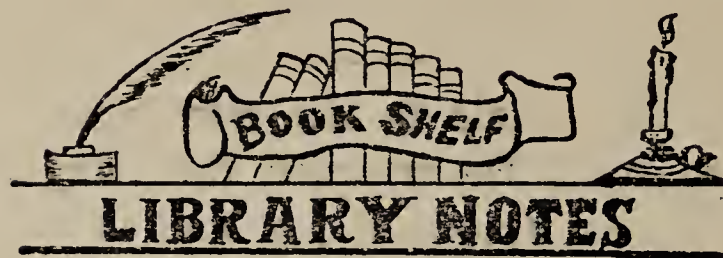
## CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Sleepy eyes that blink, though made to realize;  
A rush of little feet across the floor;  
A swift assault upon the barring door;  
A sudden exclamation of surprise!  
Oh, what a feast for those expectant eyes!  
Such lovely things that none would hope for more!  
Splendors supreme like no tree ever bore!  
Christmas! oh, feast, whose glory never dies!

We know, though never lost, these joys have past  
From ours to younger, happ'er, worth'er hearts,  
Yet Christmas never fails to bring delight;  
Its spirit steals into our souls unasked  
To call us from the bar, the shop, the mart,  
And tries to tune with joy our hearts aright.

Robert Nieset '32





In this modern cynic and skeptic age when so many people scoff at the institutions of the United States, at its ideals of democracy and liberty, and when so many others practice government-worship to an excessive degree, no American citizen can reasonably justify indifference to the history of the Republic and its makers. For nearly two centuries Americans have voluntarily made sublime sacrifices and even died for the upholding of their country's laws and principles. It was through this correct attitude towards its principles that America has advanced with unprecedented speed to the topmost rank among nations. Despite her prosperity and power, there are many attempts to ridicule America's achievements and belittle her ideas and ideals. Sad to say, these attacks come more often from insignificant Americans than from foreign critics. Generally speaking, the average American, being swept along by the forceful current of this swift life, does not know how to meet these assaults; he hardly knows what it is all about.

Obviously, with a substantial knowledge of American history and a clear outline of general history, he could patriotically aid in repulsing the implacable defiances of evil-doers. But as it is, the story of America's accomplishments and makers seems to him dull and not-to-be-touched. The truth is, however, that the history of the Republic, if written in a vivid and human manner, is as dramatic as a play and as interesting as a novel.

We, as Americans, should read our country's history not only to be able to defend it against the challenges of malcontents—native or foreign—but for knowledge and pleasure as well. A tangible knowledge of history in general is the very basis of all knowledge. There is no science, no art, no nation which does not have its roots in history. From one point of view all study is the study of history; history is at the foundation of all study. "Read history," says Professor Mott, "that you may imaginatively experience it, realizing the background, knowing the people and loving or hating them, visualizing the scene and the action. Mere facts will not mean much to you unless there is feeling behind them—Only by such imaginative immersion in the past do we achieve any real knowledge of history. Such realization, moreover, brings a high pleasure to the reader; and let it not be held as a reproach that one should desire pleasure from reading history; let him demand it as his right."

Of the recent books on American history, the College library has the following: (It is hoped that the accompanying brief reviews will aid in guiding the reader to good sources for the attainment of historical knowledge, inspiration, and pleasure.)

**THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION**, by Charles and Mary Beard.

In this extensive survey of nearly sixteen hundred pages the Beards have accumulated into the scope of their history the entire panorama of American life—economic, social, political, agricultural, industrial, intellectual. They have selected from the past the most important developments—the establishment of the Colonies, the war of Independence, the young Republic, the Civil War, the World War,



the machine age, etc.—and have explained them. In their treatment the co-authors are serious, scholarly and enlightened; they are equally accurate in details; they have a brilliancy and charm of style that is not frequently met with in modern writers. "The Rise of American Civilization" epitomizes in a single narrative the work which many historians have been doing little by little during the past century. A more distinguished interpretation of American history, life and thought has yet to appear. Let this warning be added: "Not for light readers, but rather for earnest, contemplative students."

---

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER,  
by Frederic Paxson.

It takes imagination nowadays when Boston looks like Cincinnati, and Cincinnati in turn resembles Omaha, and Denver is only a day's journey behind Chicago, to picture the America of a generation or so ago. The "machine age" has rebuilt the nation that stood between two frontiers in 1860: the scene has changed; the old America is gone. "This is a new America, modern in its manners and impressive in its powers." Up to a generation ago America's history was the history of its frontier. In his new book, "History of the American Frontier," Mr. Paxson records comprehensively and intelligently the history of the vanishing American frontier. He begins with the condition of the Colonists in 1763, after the French and Indian wars, and traces their march Westward. The construction of forts, the Indian wars, the laying of stretches of railway, the transformation of the wilderness into territories and of territories into states—all this is told in



Paxson's book. It is a readable and spirited account: its value consists especially in its completeness of details which are difficult to find in the usual history.

---

THE PARTY BATTLES OF THE JACKSON PERIOD, by Claude G. Bowers.

Perhaps the best idea of the spirit and subject matter of this volume may be gained from the author's own prefatory words: "The drama of party politics, with its motives of love, hate and vaulting ambition—such is the unidealized story of the epochal period when the iron will of the physically feeble Jackson dominated the life of the Nation, and colored the politics of the Republic for a century. The Drama—its motives—its actors—such the theme of this history." Mr. Bowers' book is really a sparkling, impartial and altogether honest account of an era of party acrimony, with superb pen-pictures of its leaders and of Washington society in the '30's. It is "history as it should be written."

---

THE TRAGIC ERA, by Claude G. Bowers.

The Hoosier historian, Mr. Bowers, has again produced a melodramatic history in which he recreates the Reconstruction period, or "The Revolution after Lincoln," as his sub-title suggests. It is an entertaining and excellently documented narrative of the twelve tragic years following the death of Lincoln, bringing out in detail the outstanding events—the carpet-bag rule, politicians and women of society, the scandals of President Grant's administration, the origin of the Ku Klux Klan, and the debated Hayes-Tilden election. The "muchly bedamned" Andrew Johnson is given his rightful position

as an honest and faithful citizen. While recreating the atmosphere of the period, the author has made free use of newspapers of those times, which fact would seem likely to cause a slight tendency toward a journalistic style. On the contrary, he has skillfully avoided this pitfall. His employment of quotations is befitting and serves as a means towards an increase of interest rather than of dullness—indeed, there are few heavy spots among the five hundred pages. No period, perhaps, in all American history needs more of a comprehensive exposition than that which Mr. Bowers calls "The Tragic Era."

---

THE COWBOY AND HIS INTERPRETERS,  
by Douglas Branch.

Here is a representation of the real American cowboy without the Zane Grey ornaments of legend and romance. This book describes the development of the cowboy—his dress and habits, his life on the cattle trail ranch and range. There are expository chapters on cowboy heroes, songs, literature and movies. The author's trenchant criticisms of present-day "Western-Story" magazines are severe on "readers of stories of the Connecticut cowboy type." To people who know and love the "wild and woolly west," Mr. Branch's book should be pleasant reading.

Other late historical works could be reviewed here, but let it suffice to say, that the reader should not forget that besides these he has at his disposal all the wealth of past historians. To mention a few: there is Parkman who has a just claim upon the foremost rank of American historians; Prescott, Motley and Fiske are close rivals for second place. President Roosevelt has produced a lengthy, am-

bitious work—"The Winning of the West"; and another former President of the United States, Wilson, has written a "History of the American People," which should not be neglected. Finally, there is that readable and reliable series of the Yale Press, "The Chronicles of America."

---

### THE NIGHT OF YULE

---

While earth expectant thrills with rapt'rous joys  
A star 'mong planets new in orient glows;  
Its gleaming rays cut through keen frosts and snows  
And play o'er paths that wind 'mid peaceful hills.  
A song breaks on the stillness, sweet and calm,  
With echoes of symphonic jubilee  
That ring out praises to Almighty God  
In thanks for graces and sin-healing balm.

The only Son of God, like budding flow'r  
Which bursts in stormy night its perfumed breast  
And yields to bees at morn a fragrant bower,  
Descends from high empyrean's sacred shrine  
To welcome all on Christmas morn as guests  
Who'll share in brotherhood Divine bequests.

J. F. Szaniszlo '31

---

At Christmas-tide the open hand  
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,  
And none are left to grieve alone,  
For Love is heaven and claims its own.

—Margaret E. Sangster

---

I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to  
keep it all the year. —Dickens





### COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

---

There are plays, which of their very nature make interesting and enjoyable entertainment; still, there are other plays, which hold little in themselves, but which can be made of much consequence by thoughtful acting and true impersonation; in this latter group is Robert Martin—Substitute Half-Back,—a play dealing with the ordinary happenings of boarding school life, and particularly with a hotly contested football game.

It was with this play that seventeen members of the C. L. S. showed a well-filled auditorium on Thanksgiving eve just how an ordinary college story can and should be made extraordinary. To say that every member of the cast acted his part and acted it well is the greatest compliment that the writer can pay these students, for it means that the play 'went across.'

Robert Martin, the country boy who was not the rube he appeared to be, played by Joseph Gibson was one of the highlights of the evening; his every action pronouncing him an experienced actor. Leonard Cross as Hugh Fleming, the best fellow on the place who got all the hard knocks, exhibited unusual ability in portraying the hardest part in the play. The laurels of the evening are equally divided between Charles Sanger and Ralph Bihn, the former a victim of hard cider and the latter a hard, overbearing captain—the most unpopular fellow in

the school; both, by their brilliant acting, won the applause of the house again and again.

Playwrights have always found success in the writing of plays that show excellency in the minor characters whom they may introduce, and "Robert Martin" in this respect is no exception. Francis Bishop, Mark Kelly, Francis Mooney, Cletus Bihn, and Henry Bucher as other members of Carroll's football team did due credit to the major members of the cast they supported, as did Warren Abrahamson, its coach, Bela Szemetko, its song leader, and Chester Kruczek, the cheer leader. Andrew Mathieu and James Elliott as the unscrupulous members of the opposing team did good work in the villain roles; Edmund Binsfeld, appeared as quite a stranger to his friends who failed to recognize him in masculine garb. Anthony Kraff was an agile peanut vender. And at last, but by no means least, Tom Clayton as just a fellow about the place, won the laurels of the minor characters by his sincere, and lifelike acting in the part of a good fellow who was everybody's friend.

And to Father I. J. Rapp, Bela Szemetko, and Clarence Rable, the powers behind the throne, the real credit for the success of the play is due. Without a director a production would amount to naught; without stage managers it would be impossible to stage presentations in a manner that won praise from the audience as did the staging of Robert Martin, the first production of the C. L. S. for '30-'31, which proved an unquestionable success from every angle.

J. T. S.

## NEWMAN CLUB

---

To put it mildly, there was a thrill of joy that put a feeling of zest into the members of the Club at their latest meeting, when to the surprise of all, it was announced that in the near future a big public presentation was to be staged by the members of the Club. The cast selected for the play consists of the choicest material of the Newmanites. The play is a three act drama, "His Father's Son."

The fortunate members of the cast have now set to work in the preparations necessary for the presentation of their first effort. Good luck, to you Newmans! Make this your initial appearance a genuine treat. Everybody is for you, so do your best and you are bound to succeed with the highest record that has been set so far.

---

## DWENGER MISSION UNIT

---

The required punch has finally been instilled into the Mission Unit and remarkable is the transformation. Business has taken on a new aspect, a sort of question, that requires the personal attention of every individual member. The amount of activity at the last meeting predicts this to be the greatest year in the mission field. A movement was set on foot to hold a raffle for the benefit of the missions. The response was wholehearted. So intent upon success, in fact, are the members that prizes have been solicited that will make the undertaking a matter of pride to all concerned. Local contributors have swelled the prize list to such an extent as to make the lucky tickets a value in themselves.



The Rev. Gilbert Esser, was acclaimed as an honorary member of the local Unit. He bears one of the highest distinctions that can be conferred on a member of the C. S. M. C., for active work in mission activities, namely, that of Palladin Leader. He expressed his gratitude for the hearty welcome that was accorded him and pledged himself to become one of the staunchest supporters of the work that the Unit is engaged in at the present.

The D. M. U. is proud of its accomplishments in all respects, and has occasion to feel extremely gratified at the success of its members in the field of achievements. Edmund Binsfeld, having completed a course of the Round Table Study Club, produced a short story, which has been purchased by the "Shield."

---

## MUSIC DEPARTMENT

There is no voice that so emphatically proclaims the joy and cheer of the Christmas season as does the voice of music with its peaceful songs of love and adoration; its grand and sublime Glorias; and its light, merry carols. From the time the angels proclaimed the glad tidings of the Nativity to the Shepherds on the first Christmas night, the world has expressed its Yuletide joy in song.

Little wonder, then, that the Music Department is vibrating these days, with such songs as "Silent Night," "Adeste Fidelis," and others of a lighter and more worldly vein. With the Christmas vacation at hand, each student is busy preparing some special number that he can proudly play during his sojourn in the 'old country.'

The choir, ever anxious to become better, has

made rapid strides since its organization in September, which can be evinced from the full, pleasing harmony that floats from the choir loft every week. The best test of the choir's ability has come in the present month, when on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Mass of St. Bernard which presents many difficulties to even the best of choirs, was ably rendered under the direction of the assistant director, Bela Szemetko.

The orchestra made its second appearance of the year on the eve of Thanksgiving when it supplied the musical background for 'Robert Martin:—Substitute Halfback,' Professor Tonner, seemingly knowing the students' choice of composers, again made use of Rossini to inaugurate the evening's entertainment, playing the "Tancred Overture," which to all appearances was the favorite of the evening and the best executed of the three numbers rendered. William McKune, in a well executed violin solo, La Capriceuse by Elgar, entertained the audience between the first and second acts. Brahm's "Hungarian Dance" the concluding musical selection of the program vied with Rossini's Overture for first place on the musical program.

All in all, the orchestra's appearance and program was well appreciated by the audience, but not to the extent that it should have been. For a college of its size, St. Joseph's College possesses one of the best orchestras in the United States, and it seems a pity that the students cannot forget the tom-tom of jazz long enough to TRY to appreciate some real music that was written long before jazz came on the horizon, and which will continue when jazz has been vanquished from the scene of battle.

It is to be regretted that this issue goes to press before the band makes its initial appearance

on the night of December the eighth. But the department feels sure that it will uphold, if not surpass, the standard that has been set this year by the other musical organizations.

The band is happy to announce that Father Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S., has joined its ranks and renders valuable assistance in the cornet section.

When the next edition of the Collegian comes off the press, we will be well into the new year with everything before us and nothing to lose. Improvement to be sought; greater accuracy and perfection to be attained; a greater appreciation among the student body will always be desired. Before we go, to Father Lucks, Professor Tonner, and Father C. Lutkemeier, the best of wishes for happiness on Christmas and success in the New Year from the entire Music Department.

J. T. S.



That everyone of the members of St. Joseph's Alumni should find himself in a position that will allow him to hang a big, full-sized sock at the mantelpiece of his homely hearth fires on the eve of Christmas is a wish that we of the Collegian most cordially entertain. Of course we want old Santa Claus to fill these socks to overflowing. We who live here at St. Joseph's the year round as students have no fear that the old gentleman Santa will not be lavish in his seasonal gifts, but on some future day we expect to join the ranks of the Alum-



ni, and it is then that we shall hope to be remembered by those who have taken our places on the campuses and in the studyhalls, especially at seasons of good cheer, for a wish for happiness coming from one's Alma Mater is a nerve tonic that never falls short of producing the desired results, namely a feeling of fellowship and real pleasure.

It is with these sentiments in mind that the staff of the Collegian sends greetings and hearty wishes for unusual joy and cheer from the halls of St. Joseph's to all the members of the Alumni Association. May the spirit of universal, common charity find everyone of the members happy above measure on this the day of days—Christmas.

It may be a matter of interest to some of the Alumni to know what those members of the association who formerly were editors of the local journal are now doing. There seems to be good evidence that writing editorials breeds book-worm propensities, for it is not a little surprising to find that three editors of recent years have come to hold positions as librarians. The individuals who have undergone this remarkable metamorphosis are: Mr. William Friemoth, '27, Mr. Thomas Corcoran, '29, and Mr. Marcellus Dreiling, '30. The work of librarian may not be as exacting as that of editor, but then that is just the advantageous feature about it, for editors need a rest after a strenuous period of labor, and it is in a cozy library that just this required kind of rest may be found. But after these favored individuals have taken a good rest, it would not be wrong to importune them for some little alumni news in order to help the writer of this column in making his monthly notes a trifle more interesting. Yet it is not only from one or the other

that news ought to be sent to the Collegian, but every Alumnus, be he librarian or not, should make himself "heard from" through the medium of these notes.

Here we have a communication from Marcellus M. Dreiling, and John P. Kraus which ought to be of real interest to the class of '30.

"Herman Reinick, business manager of the Collegian, class president, and erstwhile famous (?) student of the class of '30 has most evidently disappeared. As far as we know he might be in Europe, China, or, as we presume, in Cincinnati.

"Besides violating the unwritten laws or rules of correspondence by not answering our letters he has not, at least thus far, contributed to the Alumni column in the Collegian.

"Please notify us of his whereabouts, because we are rather interested in him."

The Alumni editor suggests,—without malice or forethought—that the above mentioned Mr. Herman Reinick kindly fulfill the request of his old classmates, by answering them through the Alumni department.



"Hang out the ivy and the holly!

Set up the good old Christmas tree!"

—By Francis Weiner.

There is an old English saying to the effect that "as many mince pies as you will taste at Christmas, so many happy months will you have." If this



were an absolute law instead of a mere saying, how unfortunate those would be who abhor mince pie, and how miserable those, who to supply themselves with happiness for a whole year, would eat twelve big juicy pies! To avoid either catastrophe, it would be advisable during Yuletide to follow one of the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry" prescribed by Tusser:—

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year."

---

Finally, after a long period of Indian Summer, the season of red noses and radiator hugging arrived with the pleasant aroma of moth balls. Most people know what circumstances attend a crimson nose, but few people, with the exception of a good number of St. Joe students, have discovered that the radiator is capable of removing this red color. Oh! If the radiator could speak! What would it say? Easy on the radiators, fellows!

---

Anyone who desires to ascertain the reason why chickens, turkeys, and other devourable fowl die of fright when Thanksgiving Day draws near, need only to observe the disastrous circumstances which constitute the lot of about two hundred of such creatures on the St. Joseph's Farm. For chickens, Thanksgiving Day is doomsday; but for us, besides other things, this day is Chicken day.

To describe the sumptuous feast, is almost an impossible task. Such local expressions as "what a spread" and "I licked my chops" do full justice not only to the dinner itself, but also to the good Sisters who prepared the delicious barbecue.

Much of the usual Turkey Day atmosphere was



lacking due to the absence of the College-Hi football game and the town day which were called off on account of the unexpected severe cold spell. The town day, however, was postponed till a later date, December 3.

Following close upon the Thanksgiving Day festivities came the annual Spiritual Retreat which opened on Saturday evening, November 29, and closed on Wednesday morning, December 3, the feast of St. Francis Xavier. The retreat-master, the Rev. Ernst Ott O. F. M., of the Cincinnati Province, so conducted the retreat that each lecture and conference was eagerly anticipated by all the students. Like his fellow-missionary, the Rev. Fulgence Meyer O. F. M., our retreat-master of last year, he presented the solution for the problems and difficulties of young students in such a manner that good results are inevitable.

---

### Important Facts About Important People

. . . . . And then the citizens of Collegeville marched one parasang to the neighboring stathmos to cast their votes . . . . . Such is the account recording the events of last Election Day. By the way, the number of citizens was so few that they have since been regarded by their minors as "rarae aves". The comparison may be a little out of place when we think of citizen Uncle Bihn, a Democrat, because the terms "rara avis" cannot adequately contain him. Suffice it to say, however, that the non-voters at Collegeville put on the "I don't know you" air in retaliating the remarks of the voters, while the full-fledged citizens tried to impress the under-aged that grapes, no matter how sweet they may be, always have a sour taste when they cannot be had.

The students of St. Joseph's join with the members of the Collegian Staff in extending to Joseph Wittkofski their condolence in a recent bereavement, the death of his grandmother.

---

We regret that two unintentional errors appeared in the Honor Roll published in the November issue. Joseph Otte has an average of 92 5-7, and is consequently entitled to third place on the fifth year Honor Roll. John Downey, also, holds third place on the second year Honor Roll with an average of 94 2-5.

---

### NEWS ABOUT THE SENIORS!

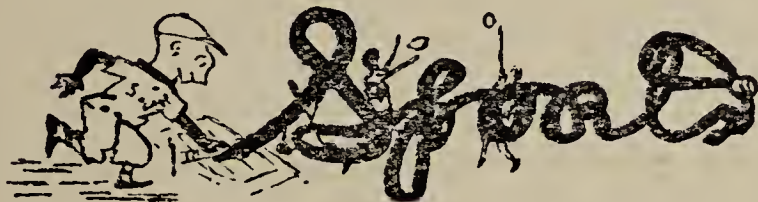
Something is coming! Good things are worth the waiting! Keep your eyes peeled; perhaps you can solve the riddle before "It" comes! IT! What is IT? Stop! Look! Listen! It will soon be here.

---

Will wonders never cease! During the month of November a most unusual incident took place. Paul Julian Popham, who is generally thought of as a peace-loving Kentuckian, has entered business with Bert Shenk, part-owner of the Local Candy Corporation. The nature of the enterprise was for a long time a mystery until one fair morning in November when the two were discovered busily engaged in moving a bench from the Senior locker room—otherwise known as the Cradle—to the gymnasium. So precisely and quickly did they perform the work that an unobserved pedestrian chanced upon the idea that the Rapid Transit Company might be the concealed form of business. Such, indeed, was actually found to be the case after they had been interviewed by the Local Reporters. Congratulations "Pop" and Bert!

We hope to see you smash all records in the line of rapid transportation!

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Arnold Weyman, C. PP. S., the Rev. J. Hammas, Crown Point, Ind; the Rev. D. L. Monahan, LaFayette, Ind.; the Rev. V. Magsam, Reynolds, Ind.; the Very Rev. Othmar Knapke, C. PP. S., and the Rev. A. Feldhaus, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.



### SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Fifths -----	4	0	0	1000	118	6
Fourths -----	3	1	0	750	70	13
Sixths -----	2	2	0	500	100	38
Thirds -----	1	3	0	250	14	115
Seconds -----	0	4	0	000	12	142

**Sixths, 6; Fourths, 13**

With added strength and redoubled determination the Fourths, coming from behind in the second half of the game, gave the old dope bucket a big upset, as they piled up thirteen points to defeat the Sixths by the score of 13 to 6.

Starting the game with a bang, the Sixths scored their only touchdown during the first three minutes of play. Dreiling kicked off for the Sixths and M. Vichuras, quarterback for the Fourths, returned the ball to their own twenty-yard line. Failing in two scrimmages to advance the ball the Fourths then attempted to punt out of danger, but failed for the very



good reason that the Sixths' line, breaking through, frustrated their attempt and recovered the ball on the twelve-yard line. Tatar on the first play took the ball around end for seven yards. Cross added two more yards on an off-tackle smash and on a second off-tackle play the ball was carried for a touchdown by Dreiling. Herod failed to make the extra point. From then until the last quarter, the game turned out to be more or less of a punting duel with the Sixths having a slight edge.

During the last quarter, however, the Fourths lugged and plugged the ball 30 yards through the opposing line until they came within the one-yard line, but even that distance diminished, and there was nothing when Besanceney, fullback for the Fourths, receiving the ball plunged over for a touchdown. Besanceney then plunged through the line for the extra point. But the biggest thrill of the day did not come until later when Captain Altweis, star right end for the Fourths, reached out to intercept two of the Sixths' passes, returning the ball each time about twenty yards to place it on the Sixths' 15-yard line. After the second time the Fourths succeeded in putting the ball over the paying line by a number of off-tackle smashes made by Besanceney. Thus ended one of the biggest upsets in St. Joe's football dope.

Lineups:—Sixths—Bucher, L. E.; Langhals, L. T.; Vorst, L. G.; Clayton, C.; Hoorman, R. G.; Bishop, (C), R. T.; Shaw, R. E.; Herod, Q.; Tatar, L. H.; Cross, R. H.; Dreiling, F. Fourths—Boarman, L. E. Riedlinger, L. T.; Lenk, L. G.; Follmar, C.; Frye, R. G.; Kemp, R. T.; Altweis (C), R. E.; M. Vichuras, Q.; Bubala, L. H.; Krieter, R. H.; Besanceney, F. Substitutions: Sixths—Bihn for Tatar, Szemetko for Langhals, Popham for Bihn, Tatar for Shaw.

Fourths—Dwyer for Boarman, Fullenkamp for Kemp, Wurm for Frye, Leonard for Wurm, Moorman for Kemp.

Officials: Wirtz, referee; La Noue, umpire; Strasser, linesman.

### Thirds, 15; Seconds, 0

The fans looked for some real entertainment when the Thirds played their game with the Seconds on the North Campus, and they were not entirely disappointed. Although the Thirds were penalized enough yardage to win the game two times over they did not stop their spectacular groundgaining until they had amassed a total of fifteen points to beat the Seconds. "Pank" Elder showed some real class in making several long runs for the Thirds. One run of no less than forty yards took him over the goal line for the first marker, De Mars adding the extra point. Rastetter, on the receiving end of a beautiful pass by De Mars made the second touchdown for the Thirds.

Lammers proved himself the big noise for the Seconds and did some real work in both departments of the game.

Lineup: Thirds—Altieri, L. E.; English, L. T.; Pallone, L. G.; Forsee, C.; Van Oss, R. G.; Rager, R. T.; Rastetter, R. E.; De Mars, Q.; Kirchner, L. H.; Elder, R. H.; Scheidler, F. Seconds:—Biven, L. E.; Stockberger, L. T.; Glynn, L. G.; Budzin, C.; Crooks, R. G.; Leuterman, R. T.; Bock, R. E.; Lammers, Q.; Devine, L. H.; Moore, R. H.; Steinhauser, F. Substitutions: Thirds—Fontana for Rastetter, Naughton for De Mars, Miller for Kirchner. Seconds:—Volk for Glynn.

**Sixths, 0; Fifths, 19.**

There was snap and verve in the air when the players of the two college teams, mute and full of distant thoughts, slowly trotted towards the North Campus to fight out a tie, which had its inception two years ago. Then, with reckless abandon, once more both teams threw themselves into the game determined to win. They smeared each others attempts to advance the ball—the line of the Fifths doing most of the smearing—and swore that they would stop breaking rules of discipline if they lost. But now from what we gathered from the results of the game, we are prompted to say that the Fifths must have considered it harder than the Sixths to repress the impulse of breaking rules of discipline, for not only did they outplay the Sixths but piled up a score that made victory secure. Yet the fact that Strasser's long passes were responsible for two of the Fifths' three touchdowns, argues that the teams were evenly matched, and that the game was more interesting than the gap between the two scores might indicate. In the first quarter one of those passes was completed and carried for ten yards for a touchdown by Conroy. The second touchdown of the game was made just before the first half ended, when Blommer side-steppingly ran forty yards to make the most spectacular run of the season. And the ball-carriers of the Sixths all during this time were prompted to think that the line of the Fifths was "Scotch" because it played such tight football that it gave them hardly two first downs.

During the second period of the game Shaw, Bishop, Vorst, Clayton, Langhals, Hoorman and Szemetko took it upon themselves to tighten up the line of the Sixths and succeeded. But that was not all that



the Fifths had to worry about, for there were the long punts of Dreiling, the speed of Tatar, and the fighting spirit of Bihn and Cross. Despite all of this, La Noue, the biggest groundgainer of the day, completing the second of Strasser's long passes in the third quarter, ran 15 yards to make the final touchdown.

Lineup: Sixths—Shaw, L. E.; Szemetko, L. T.; Langhals, L. G.; Clayton, C.; Vorst, R. G.; Bishop, (C), R. T.; Herod, Q.; Tatar, L. H.; Cross, R. H.; Dreiling, F. B. Fifths: Strasser, L. E.; Leiker, L. T.; Iffert, L. G.; Cardinali, C.; Storch, R. G.; Siebeneck, R. T.; Conroy, R. E.; Blommer, Q.; Vichuras, L. H.; La Noue (C), R. H.; Wirtz, F. B. Substitutions: Sixths—Bihn for Tatar, Tatar for Herod, Hoorman for Bucher, Popham for Bihn; Fifths—Byrne for Vichuras, Novak for Iffert.

Officials—Puetz, referee; Follmar, umpire; and Kirchner, linesman.

---

The traditional Thanksgiving Day football game at St. Joe between the College and High School, for the first time in years had to be called off. The Weather Man's icy look, attended by snow and followed by a cold wind, was reason enough for doing so. We wonder if this sudden change of weather did not give the High School at least one good reason for being thankful.

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Midgets -----	4	0	0	1000	59	0
Trojans -----	1	2	1	333	13	31
Iron Horses -----	0	3	1	000	7	38

**Trojans, 7; Iron Horses, 7**

Although the game between the Trojans and the Iron Horses ended in a tie, a slight edge must be conceded to the Trojans for their better team work and all around play. The game was marred somewhat by too many fumbles, but the long runs made by Cloys of the Iron Horses and O'Donnell of the Trojans brightened things up considerably for the fans lining both sides of the field. The game, incidentally, is the only tie in local football circles this year.

**Midgets, 12; Iron Horses, 0**

Ritter, better known by the appellation, "manager of the junior league," took it upon himself to lead the Iron Horses out of the recesses of their losing streak, and he would have succeeded in doing so if the Midgets had not been so desperately intent upon winning this game also. Playing a dashing game at halfback he tackled viciously, was ever on the alert for passes and in general conducted himself in such a way as to instill into his teammates a good deal of confidence and fight. The result was that the Iron Horses held the powerful Midget team scoreless for three quarters. In the last quarter of the game, however, the Midgets had their say and said it with two touchdowns. Sheehan, Zirnheld, Bloemer, Elder and Goeke were responsible for the defeat of the Iron Horses.

Ritter, Steiniger, Quinn, Wight and Cloys, literally "Iron Horse" men aided greatly in making this an interesting game by their hard playing.

**All-Star Teams**

	Senior I	Senior II	Junior
L. E.	Altweis	Shaw	Fisher
L. T.	Siebeneck	Szemetko (c)	Meyer
L. G.	Lenk	Iffert	Foos
C.	Follmar	Clayton	Spalding
R. G.	Bishop	Hoorman	Elder
R. T.	Riedlinger	Leiker	Newton
R. E.	Strasser	Conroy	Goeke
Q.	Blommer	Tatar	Gannon (c)
L. H.	La Noue (c)	I. Vichuras	Cloys
R. H.	Cross	Bubala	O'Donnell
F.	Dreiling	Wirtz	Sheehan

Honorable Mention:— Senior League: Bucher, Bihn, Storch, Byrne, Cardinali, Besanceney, M. Vichuras, Scheidler, B. DeMars, and Lammers.

Now that football season has ended, we, namely, the writer and other football critics, have the privilege and pleasure to offer to the followers of sports the above mentioned All-Star teams.

In picking a team from among a hundred players we were confronted with many difficulties and deadlocks that we never expected to meet. Occasionally one player stood out so far above all others in his position that the choice was simple. More often there were several good players who had to be considered. One excelled as an open field runner, the other at hitting the line. The ability to punt, pass, and tackle had to be figured in as well as the value of a player to a particular team. It was only after considering the necessary qualities of each man from many angles, that we reached the decision that the array of players mentioned above make up a small army of the best football material to be found at St. Joe.



# Humor

*by Cephalopod*



Voice over the Phone: Is this the lady that washes?

Society Snob: Indeed, I should say not!

Same Voice: Why, you dirty thing!

---

A professor coming to class rather late, found a decidedly uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the blackboard. Turning to the student next to him, he asked angrily. "Do you know who is responsible for this atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't" replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents."

---

Speaking of athletes, "I'm always on the team," said the horsefly.

---

"It is eminently essential," shouted the political speaker, "that our party should hang together."

"Hang together is right," yelled one of the opposing party.

"I mean," spluttered the speaker, when the laughter had subsided, "that we should hang together in accord."

"That's what I mean," replied the heckler, "and in a heluva strong cord too."

---

Mr. De Mars: Well, son, you got some pretty good grades in your first exams. But how about that 71 in trigonometry?

Bulldog: We-ell, dad, 71 is par on that course.

Fair One: Don't you love driving on a night like this?

Big Ben: Yes, girlie, but I thought I would wait until we got further out.

---

The man before the magistrate was a stranger in the village, and he was most indignant that he should suffer the humiliation of his present position. "The constable seems very certain about everything connected with my case," he sneered, "but there is one weak point in his defense. Why does he not call his fellow officer to corroborate what he says?"

"There is only one constable stationed in this town," said the magistrate.

"But I saw two last night," indignantly asserted the accused.

"Exactly," agreed the magistrate. "That's the charge against you."

---

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knowed he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin' around with."

---

Rip Vorst: Is that a popular song Duray is singing?

Bananas: It was till he began to sing it.

McNamara: I'm not thin-skinned. I'm the first to laugh at my own foolishness.

Doody: What a merry life you must be leading.

---

It was about two a. m.—“Wow-wow-wow-wow!” yelled the baby.

“Four balls and I walk,” responded the ball-playing father, as he reached for his slippers.

---

“Oh, no!” soliliquized Johnny bitterly, “there ain't any favorites in this family, Oh, no! If I bite my fingernails, I gets a rap over the knuckles, but if baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute.”

---

Boy: Do you know you're pretty in two ways?

Girl: How's that?

Boy: Pretty homely and pretty apt to stay that way.

---

Freshman (at Monon Station): That engine smokes a lot.

Sophomore: Yes, and it “choo's” too.

---

Nasser (in Physics Lab): Say, Father, what is this stuff here?

Prof: That is silver ore.

Nasser: Silver or what?

---

“Really, Bill, your argument with your wife was most amusing.”

“Wasn't it though! And when she threw the ax I thought I'd split.”

---

Popham: I've a cold or something in my head.

Kienly: Probably a cold.



**BRING BACK PROSPERITY!**

Have your suit pressed by

**LOUIE**

---

**WORDEN & KELLER**

Restaurant and Fountain Service

**Most for your Money**

---

**PHILIP J. FRECHETTE**

**"Quality Candies Priced Right"**

Our Complete Line Carried by

**COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY**

---

St. Joe Students  
Enjoy your refreshments and  
hear the Atwater Kent Radio

at

**LONG'S DRUG STORE**

You Are Always Welcome

**DR. KRESLER, M. D.**

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

**Rensselaer, Ind.**

---

Dr. Harve Hemphill

**DENTIST**

Office 104; Residence 559-Black

Rensselaer, Indiana

When better automobiles are  
built Buick will build them.

**HARRY A. WILD**

Buick Sales and Service

**CHAS. J. DEAN & SON**

Real Estate, Insurance  
and Loans

Rensselaer, Ind.

—See—

**BROTHER DAVID**

Barber Shop  
Tobacconist

**Dr. E. F. Sutherland**  
Dentist

Murray Building

**A. WARTENA & SON**

General Blacksmithing  
Plowwork      Horseshoeing  
Phone — 112  
Rensselaer, Indiana

The "latest" in hair-cuts.  
We cater to St. Joe boys.  
Cheerful Service

Good Accommodations  
**ED GILMORE'S BARBER  
SHOP**

**CLARKE—The Jeweler**

Where Quality and Service  
Count.

Watch Repairing a Specialty

**Dr. A. G. CATT**

Eye Specialist

Rensselaer, Indiana

Bring Your Guest and Friends to

**HOTEL MAKEEVER**

for their Sunday Dinners

We Serve the Best

**MACK & COMPANY**

**BOTTLERS OF**

**Coca-Cola**

and

**FINE SODA WATERS**

Every Bottle Sterilized

Mfrs. of

*Pure Ice Cream & Ices*

**"IT'S A FOOD"**

**Monon,**

**Indiana**

---

*This Magazine is Printed*

*by*

**THE RENSSELAER**

**REPUBLICAN**

**PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS**

**PHONE 18**

**RENSSELAER, IND.**



Tailoring Mending  
**RENSSELAER DRY CLEANING WORKS**  
**H. B. Tuteur**

Graduation Suits a Specialty  
Pressing Dry Cleaning

---

**RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY**

X-Ray Photographs—X-Ray Treatments

I. M. WASHBURN, M. D. C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

---

**WARNER HARDWARE**

General Hardware, Stoves  
Radios and Electrical Supplies  
Phone 61

---

**DR. F. A. TURFLER**

A straight backbone works better than a crooked one

**CAUSE OF ARTHRITIS DEFORMANS FOUND**

Murray Building Phone 300

---

**CALLAHAN & KANNE**

The Place to Buy

**YOUR COAL**

Phone 273

## THE REXALL DRUG STORE

Will be the store for Christmas Gifts

B. F. FENDIG

---

SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AT

Furnishings  
Toilet Goods  
"Eats"

**Murray's**

SUITS  
Made-to-Order  
\$23.50

DEPARTMENT STORE

---

DR. W. L. GRANT

Dentist

Above the Fashion

COMPLIMENTS

—of—

HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

---

HOLDEN

GREENHOUSE

"Say it with flowers"

PLAY GOLF

at the

UPTOWN INDOOR  
GOLF COURSE

I Door S. of Ford Sales

---

Compliments of

RENSSELAER CANDY COMPANY

Wholesale Candies

Rensselaer, Indiana

Phone 920-D

# O'RILEY'S BAKERY

Rensselaer, Indiana

Furnishing the Institution's

BREAD, CAKES, ROLLS AND PASTRIES

---

Courtesy of

THE TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Rensselaer, Indiana

---

Quality  
Value  
Service

J.C.PENNEY CO.

A Good  
Store in a  
Good Town

---

**If You're Looking for**

**Values**

**Always Shop Here**



**OUTSTANDING VALUES !**  
**CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS**

**"The Latch Key Hangs Out."**

**THE CLOTHING HOUSE**  
of  
**WILLIAM TRAUB**

---

**H. & H. PHARMACY**

Everything in the Drug Line

**"Visit Our Fountain"**

North of Court House

Make a real Pleasure of  
Needed Daily Exercise

**KANNE & DEWEES**

Three doors south of Palace  
Theatre

---

# **THE DUNES ART STUDIO**

Have enjoyed making the Photographs for the Class of 1930. Only our highest grade workmanship is used in all school work. We will be pleased to have our representative call and submit samples and prices for any class work.

## **The Dunes Art Studio**

**"Gary's Leading Photographers."**

527 Broadway

Gary, Indiana.

Office Phone 456

Residence 358-Red

## **IROQUOIS ROLLER MILLS**

**Ralph Sprague, Prop.**

Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat Flour, Buckwheat,  
Graham, Rye and Pancake Flours.

We Specialize in Poultry Feeds.

---

## **THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP.**

**LOOK AT YOUR SHOES, EVERY ONE ELSE DOES**

We specialize in Men's and Boys' Thorogood Shoes  
and expert shoe rebuilding.

***H. G. ABBETT & CO.***

Between the City Hall and New Palace Theatre.

---

## ***PALACE THEATRE***

---

Coming Dec. 17-18, "Billy the Kid"

Coming Dec. 19-20, "Border Legion" (Z. Grey)

Coming Dec. 21-22-23, "Half Shot at Sunrise"

**COMING SOON!**

Will Rogers in "Lightin," "The Big Trail."

El Brendel in "Just Imagine," "Common Clay."

All Three And Four Star Pictures

---

**ALL GOOD ONES**

# LEADING PURVEYORS

—to the—

## INSTITUTION'S TABLE

43 years' experience in supplying Quality Food Products for institutional and restaurant requirements has perfected our service and our values beyond ordinary comparison.

Our Edelweiss trademark has become the symbol of fine quality foods economically packed. Wherever close and intelligent buying prevails, our Catalog is of interest.

## JOHN SEXTON & CO.

Importers—Wholesale Grocers—Manufacturers

CHICAGO

---

CANDY

SOFT DRINKS

ICE CREAM

GOOD EATS

CHEERFUL SERVICE

*Wright's Restaurant*

---

ST. JOE BOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.







